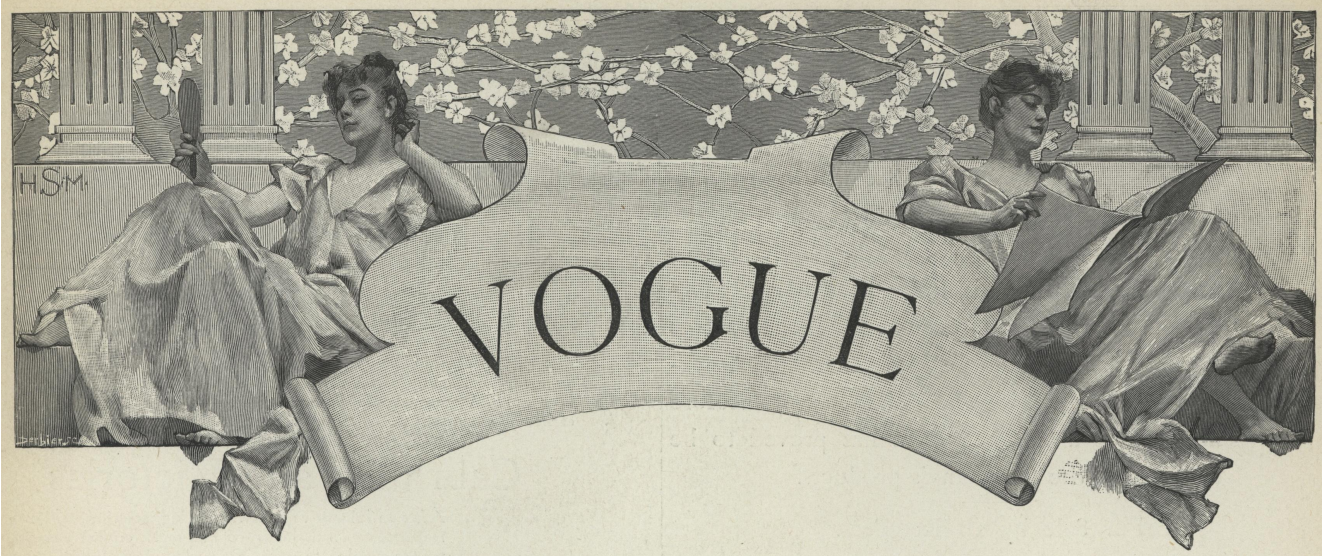
18 FEBRUARY, 1893 PRICE TEN CENTS FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR WITH SUPPLEMENT
VOL. I , NO. 10., COPYRIGHT, 1893, BY THE FASHION COMPANY. PUBLISHER'S ANNOUNCEMENTS PRECEDE ADVERTISING PAGES. ENTERED AT NEW YORK CITY P. O. AS SECOND CLASS MATTER



BAD FORM

EUSTACE: "Will you have me, then, Eugenia?"
EUGENIA: "Oh, yes; I suppose so."
EUSTACE: "But you express no enthusiasm!"
EUGENIA: "Bad form; Eustace. You might be led to suppose this was my first offer!"

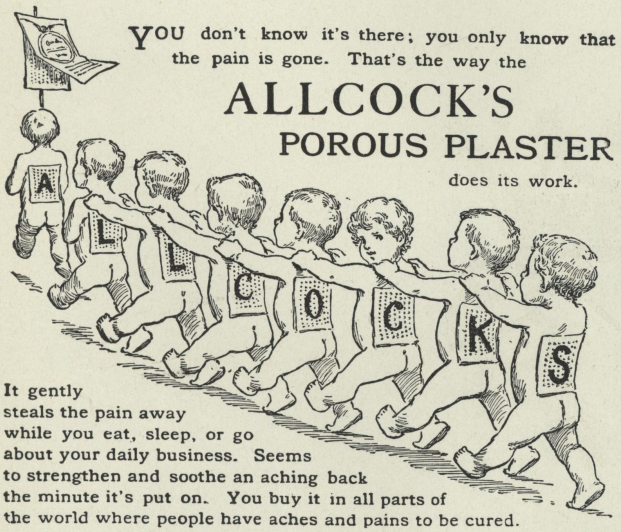
Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

## American Waltham Watch Co.

This Company have recently brought out the best Watch for Gentlemen's use which they have ever made. It is entirely new in model and arrangement of parts, and contains all the Company's latest improvements in the art of Watchmaking. It is known as SIZE SIXTEEN (or one and seven-tenth inches across the dial), and is much thinner than any American Watch of similar diameter heretofore made. As a timekeeper it has proved to be the best of the Company's products.

For Sale by all Retailers.

---




YOU don't know it's there; you only know that the pain is gone. That's the way the

**ALLCOCK'S POROUS PLASTER**

does its work.

It gently steals the pain away while you eat, sleep, or go about your daily business. Seems to strengthen and soothe an aching back the minute it's put on. You buy it in all parts of the world where people have aches and pains to be cured.

---

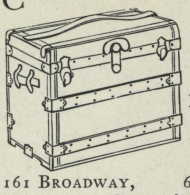
# RUINART

IMPORTANT TO HOUSEKEEPERS

Groceries, Teas, Coffees, Wines, Liquors, Provisions, Canned Goods, Butter, Eggs, Poultry, Game, Fruits, Vegetables, etc. Sold at Wholesale Prices, in reasonable quantities. Saving 25 p. c. Goods delivered free in and out of the city. FAMILY & HOTEL SUPPLY COMPANY, 314, 316 Greenwich Street.

---

CROUCH & FITZGERALD,



TRUNKS, BAGS, DRESS SUIT CASES.

161 BROADWAY, 688 BROADWAY, 701 SIXTH AVENUE.

---

## SILENCE CLOTH OR DINING TABLE PAD.

A necessity in connection with TABLE LINEN has been an intermediary pad to be arranged between the linen and table board. The introduction of this table-pad is recognized as filling a long-felt want.

Unlike canton flannel table-covers, it will not adhere to polished dining-boards. Is of neatly quilted bleached muslin, padded with white wadding, and well bound, is adapted for use in private houses and hotels.

Regular sizes as follows: Widths, 54, 63, 68 inches; Lengths, 63, 72, 81, 90, 99, 108 inches. For sale at all prominent dry goods houses. Catalogue and further information may be had from the

EXCELSIOR QUILTING CO.,
Corner Laight and Varick Streets, New York City.

---

## Spyders

Exceedingly comfortable, elegant, and refined, the popularity constantly increasing. The series has been enlarged, the architecture beautified, and we earnestly commend them to particular buyers.

## Cabriolets and Victorias

After an exhaustive review, covering interviews and correspondence with many of our most critical patrons, we are enabled to offer in these productions the coming season marked improvements in essential points.

## Special and Standard Patterns

Will include all the advantages derived from valuable suggestions and large experience, and in variety of designs will cover almost every possible need. Correspondence invited; illustrations and specifications submitted.

## FERD. F. FRENCH & CO. (Ltd.),

Carriage Builders to private trade,

Boston, Mass.

---

TRADE MARK.

**"Linene"**

REVERSIBLE

COLLARS & CUFFS.

The best and most economical COLLARS and CUFFS worn—Try them—You will like them.

LOOK WELL. FIT WELL.
WEAR WELL.

Sold for 25 cents for a box of TEN collars or FIVE pairs of cuffs.

A Sample collar and a pair of cuffs sent by mail for SIX CENTS.

Address, giving size and style wanted.

REVERSIBLE COLLAR CO.,
27 Kilby St., Boston.

---

*"The King of Natural Table Waters"*

# Johannis

*Spring AT Zollhaus, Germany.*

Of exceptional purity and excellence. It mixes well with *Wines and Spirits*, the peculiar softness, which its *natural* gas lends to the taste, rendering it admirably adapted for the purpose.—*London Lancet.*

"NO DINNER OR BANQUET IS CONSIDERED 'EN REGLE' WITHOUT 'JOHANNIS.' *Its Purity is Undoubted.*"—*London Court Circular.*

*Sold at all First-class Places, and by leading Grocers and Wine Merchants.*

H. P. FINLAY & CO., 50 BROAD STREET, NEW YORK, Sole Agent for U.S. and Canada.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

VOLUME I NUMBER 10 FEBRUARY 18, 1893

# Vogue

To Phyllis {With an American Beauty}
Rose of America go to my love
Gladden her sense with the sweet breath of spring,
Whisper a "Union" all unions above,
Then envy the blush the suggestion will bring.
W. B. McV.
Strephon.



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

JUDGING BY APPEARANCES

TROTTER: "I hear that Grace Willoughby is engaged to a real live lord."

BARLOW: "Well, they claim that he's alive, but I've seen him several times, and I'm rather skeptical."

A GREAT TRIP

SHE: "This is such a stormy season to cross the Atlantic. Was your voyage over remarkable in any way?"

HE: "Well, I should say so. I held four aces twice."

IT WASN'T THERE

"You have specimens of the furniture used by the aborigines?" asked a visitor at the Smithsonian Institute.

"Oh, yes," replied the attendant.

"Then I should so much like to see the Indian Bureau."

AS HE SAW IT

MANAGER: "What did you think of the stage effects of the new play?"

MR. PARQUET: "The rim was too large and the bows and feathers were too high, but the pink velvet and the jewelled pins were pretty."

A VETERAN

SHE: "You're awfully young to be called Colonel."

HE: "Well, I've been in eighteen engagements, and the girl and I fought like the deuce in every one."

NOT FITTED FOR THE OFFICE

"Who is to be chaperone?"

"Mrs. Tarkington."

"What foolishness! Why, she is a sufferer from insomnia."

A CERAMIC AFFLICTION

FLORA: "Why does Mrs. Minton Worcester invariably wear white this season?"

DORA: "Oh, hadn't you heard that her three thousand dollar vase was broken? And white, you know, is the mourning color—for China."

SUMMER VISITOR: "Have you the letters of Jane Welsh Carlyle?"

COUNTRY LIBRARIAN: "No Madam, you must go to the Post Office for letters."

NEW YORK SNOB (to Brooklyn girl): "I haven't time to call on Brooklyn people, but when you come to New York to do your shopping come in some day and call."

BROOKLYN GIRL (with dignity): "Thanks. I always do my shopping in Paris!"

"What must one do to get into the Four Hundred?"

"Nothing."

TWO APPRECIATIONS

MISS SWEET:

SEe Mr. Lirrick standing there—
He is the very type of poet!
The eyes that gaze on distance show it;
The breath inspired, suspended where
The lips are curved apart to seize
Ineffable faint melodies.
As though on Fancy's lips he hung,
He waits to catch a song unsung——

MR. STRONG:

I rather think—pardon me, please—
He is waiting for an unsneezed sneeze!



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

WAITING

Yes, Frisk, we are waiting for him, we two—
With only this difference, dear,
I wait in a rapturous calm, while you
Are eager and doubtful, I fear.

You doubt him! ah, Frisk, I wish you could read!
I'd show you—perhaps—just one line
In the note that lies close to my heart—then, indeed,
You would know (as I know) he is mine!

E. T. Corbett.



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

## OF INTEREST TO HER

AT an elaborate and exquisite luncheon I attended the other day, where the table was a violet poem, odorous of springtime, and graced with Parma flowers as big as pansies, every woman turned an inquiring glance upon our hostess, and one guest asked outright to be told how she managed it.

"Why, don't you know where these come from?" she replied, fastening a showy bunch of the purple perfume in her corsage.

"No, I do not," answered the first speaker. "But am perishing for the information so I can go straight off and glorify my next function with some just like them."

"You will be disappointed, then, my dear, for this sort cometh forth by subscription and patience only," the hostess remarked.

"What!" began a chorus of voices.

"Yes, I get all my violets from Mrs. * * * * * * * Westchester Conservatories, and at present she is so overcrowded with applicants that I hear there is a long waiting list."

"Do tell us all about it," begged the one Chicago woman present.

"I am surprised you have not heard of Mrs. * * * * wonderfully clever and successful enterprise," continued the lady at the head of the table. "Why, she began it several years ago: built her hot houses, really studied the science of horticulture, and has since devoted her energies to raising violets and mushrooms. Both, as you may observe, are marvels as to their size and deliciousness. When starting out Mrs. * * * * offered her friends the opportunity of subscribing for these specialties. I hear that one great florist exhausted every device to get hold of the flowers, but his overtures were declined, as she was not in 'trade' and preferred managing her affairs on a personal basis. Instantly her project was known, two-thirds of the smart set put their names down as regular patrons. The rest were obliged to wait an enlargement of the conservatories, for so heavy was the demand it strained the resources of her hothouses to supply all those who begged to be served."

"But what is her method?" queried an interested listener. "Do you send up to the country once a week?"

"Not at all. I simply say how many flowers and mushrooms I want, and what days I expect to use them. That is sufficient—without fail the morning's post brings me one, two or five hundred violets, according to the order. They are radiantly fresh, just from their beds, gathered with the dew on them and exquisitely put up. As you see, they are two sizes larger than any in the market, are richly colored and have long, stout stems. It is the same with the mushrooms. I get them by the dozen, each one big, perfect, tender, and well flavored. You can't imagine what a comfort it is to be served in this unusual fashion. For two seasons Mrs. * * * * brilliant scheme has been the joy and consolation of my duties as a hostess."

"It seems to me I heard Mrs. Pell was doing something of the same sort," observed a guest, studying the effect of the Parma blossoms against her blue gown.

"Oh, as far as mushrooms are concerned," replied the woman next her, "four friends of mine, all rich clever girls, have bought abandoned farms in New England and gone into mushroom raising extensively. They insist it gives them an excuse for living, and we all make the jolliest parties once or twice every winter, and go up there for a lark."

"Ah, my dear, I perceive you have Sherry's pretty device," some one exclaimed, as the ices were brought on.

"Yes, I thought the idea as charming as his things usually are," replied our hostess, "and so appropriate for the snowy season. We dined there the other evening, and our confection was a big Russian sled of chocolate, just like that one, heaped with pink and buff, and green balls of the various creams. Another attractive way of serving the dessert I noticed at a luncheon last week. The ices were frozen as peaches, and these were heaped pyramid-wise on a wide platter, with tiny ferns and pink carnations forming a garland around the base, and the smaller greens and blossoms stuck about in the crevices. At that same luncheon I picked up a new fancy for serving game. The dish had first a foundation of rice, with a small tree of celery sprouting from the centre. Then the birds—quail, I believe—were evidently half cooked when the skin was removed, and by two dexterous strokes of the knife, back, legs and wings were cut away, leaving the breast intact. They must then have been set back in the oven to brown delicately, and as we lifted each one from its pearly bed of rice, behold! a little baked croquette came with it, all of minced livers and celery. But, there—we have talked of nothing but food, and you," turning to the woman at her left, "promised to tell me something about that captivating Miss Houghtaling."

"She has been a friend of mine for years," replied the guest thus appealed to, "and I think it is scarcely an exaggeration to affirm that Laura Houghtaling has had more desirable offers of marriage and more flattering attention than any girl in this country. She is, you know, being tremendously admired here this winter. Curiously enough, she is as much liked by women as by men, and when she makes a brilliant marriage, as she is sure to do, the event will excite all interest and no envy."

"I understand just what you mean," I struck in, as we were rising from the table. "I have met Miss Houghtaling lots of times, both in this country and abroad, and she is really a remarkable



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

woman. To see a girl as handsome as she is, gay, clever at conversation, and run after by men, her charming unconsciousness is truly strange and delightful. Laura Houghtaling is the old-fashioned story book heroine we have all loved, who is courted by the fairy prince, yet does in truth surrender the soft corners to frumpy old ladies and share her beaux and bon-bons with wall flowers.

## WHAT SHE WEARS

THE other evening, at a very grand function, she looked like one of those charming figures just off the covers of Le Figaro Illustré. She was entrancingly picturesque. Her frock of rich white satin was striped with fine black lines in narrow clusters. No trimmings appeared on the full, rather short skirt smartly crisped with crinoline, and she wore a tiny round jacket with fluffy frills of lace down the front, and one enormous pink rose pinned in the bosom. Her fair hair was dressed very high, and her head bound with black velvet ribbon tied with numerous erect loops in front where another big pink flower was added to complete the delicious Frenchiness of her toilette.

(Continued on page 152)

AN OPINION

Mabel: "What do you think of my singing."
Jean: "It deprives me of power to think."

### A CALUMNY

MADGE: "What is there new this week by way of shocking rumor?"

MABEL: "Oh, that Mabel Cashleigh, who married the Count, is actually happy. Of course, it's only calumny!"

MADGE: "Of course. How cruel people are!"



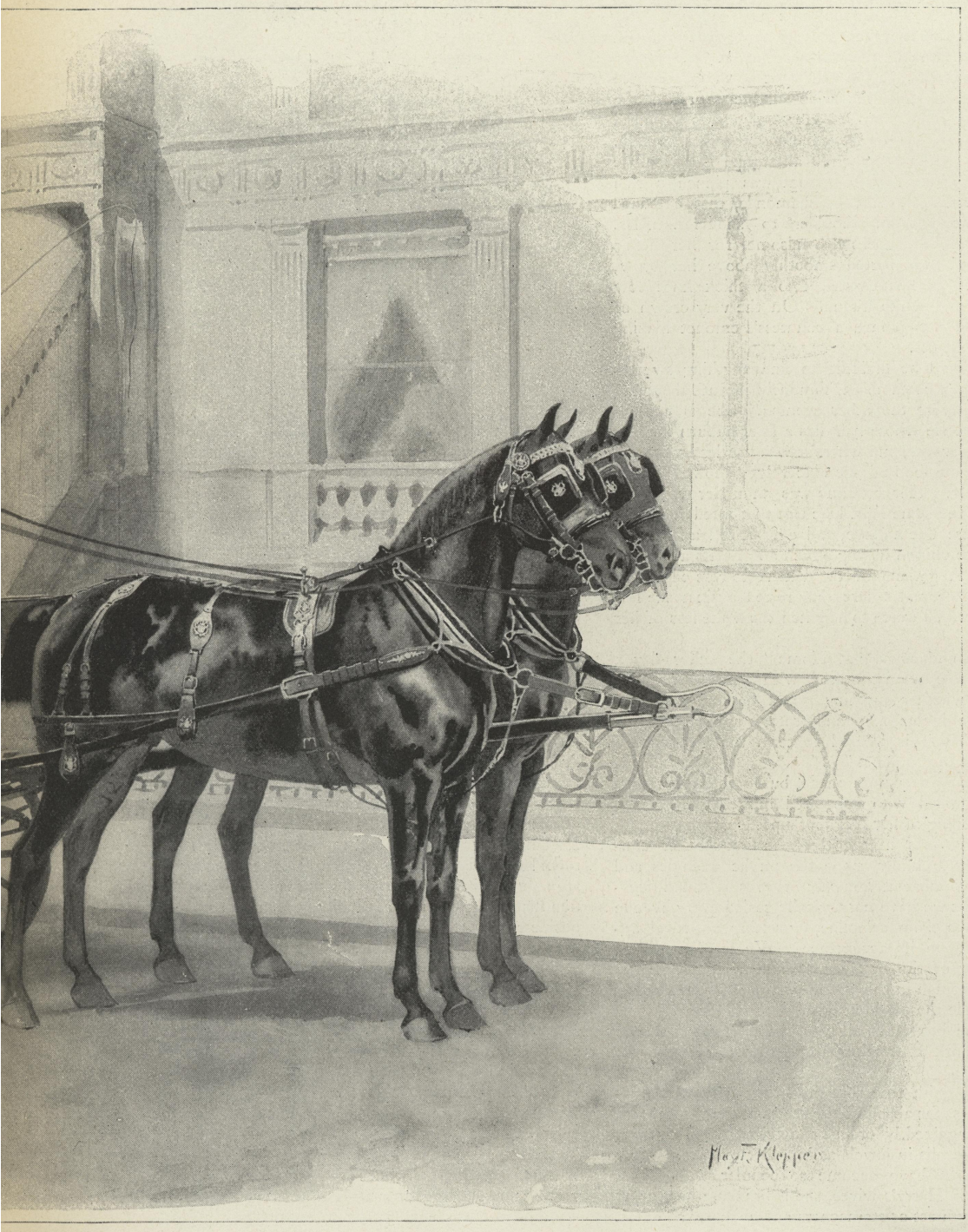
Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

DR. W. SEWARD W

CHARLES J. WEL

[For description

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast



EBB'S CALÈCHE
H, COACHMAN
e supplement]

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

My Lady Greensleeves has been in a state of ecstasy lately over the chic little crown Mrs. Duncan Elliot wears. It is simply the smartest thing imaginable the way she puts it on. Every one noticed her in the half light as she paused and turned ascending the wide marble stairs to the drawing room above. Her gown was of dead white satin, slightly trained, and cut severely plain. A deep bertha of lace fell all around the décolleté bodice, and across the front was pinned a rich magnificent crescent of diamonds, that extended very nearly from shoulder to shoulder. Mrs. Elliot looked superbly handsome, for her heavy dark hair was parted smoothly above her brow, drawn back and twisted into a thick knot low against the white nuque. On the very crown of her head was pinned a countess's coronet blazing with brilliants.

It would be difficult to find anything sweeter than the costume a famously beautiful young woman wore the other evening. She is a blue-eyed blonde whose hair has a faint auburn tinge in its crisp waves, and where it was carelessly knotted a twist and loop of pale lilac velvet showed advantageously. Her costume was an under waist and slip of the same light lilac tint that fitted her slender figure like a glove, and over it fell a full jupe of white chiffon having a ruche of violets about the hem. A garland of the Parma flowers edged the low bodice, and where they rested against the fair shoulders did much to heighten the whiteness of her skin.

At somebody's "at Home" the other day a fashionable woman asked with amused complacence whether anything could be more comical than the doubts, fears and protests of the multitude over what it is pleased to term the "threatened invasion of crinoline."

No comment was made, but each guest smiled and regarded with contented interest the decided bourgeoning of her neighbor's petticoat.

"It diverts me vastly," the first speaker continued, "to know while the public wrangles and discusses what it honestly believes is still a question, that we have hermetically sealed every avenue of escape from crinoline, by setting our royal approval upon its acceptance. We live months in advance of the ordinary fashions. Now here is every woman in this room with big stiffened skirts, and while the world at large is shuddering over the crinoline bogey, we all have orders at our Paris and New York dressmakers for absolute balloons next summer."

It is quite true that she—the smart woman—does dress far ahead of the styles as they are known and recognized by ordinary individuals. The same thing prevails in jewels as in other matters. Now that tiaras have become so popular with Tom, Dick and Harry's wives, she is breaking hers up to have them set as stomachers and shoulder aigrettes.

## AS SEEN BY HIM

I Really am beginning to think that our season in New York is ridiculously short—only about eight weeks in all. I have hardly got myself up to the full velocity of the swim when suddenly it stops, and people are fleeing here, there and everywhere with the one intent—that of getting as far away from this place as possible. Once before, several weeks ago, I spoke of clubs being deserted and familiar faces missing, and now behold your humble servant, since Patriarchs and dancing classes, cotillons and dinner dances of the season are but memories, setting his face southward towards the everglades of Florida and the Land of the Sky.

My boxes are packed and my man has arranged my parcels. I do not travel with much luggage. My stay will be short. I shall go from here to Asheville and get a breath of the pines and the mountain air of North Carolina. I shall then reach New Orleans for the Mardi Gras—that quaint old city always interests me at this season. I would to heaven there were a decent hotel in the town! It seems so strange in a place where there are so many beautiful gardens and so much vegetation that the hotel should be built in the middle of the business part of the place, with not even a single rosebush within a mile of it.

I never complete my midwinter holiday without a few weeks at Saint Augustine and a fortnight at my little orange grove down on the coast. You see, when a man has been a carpet knight, so to speak, for a considerable season, he longs for the fresh free air of heaven again. My yacht—a modest affair but an enjoyable craft—is in commission and has joined Mr. Havemeyer's house boat and other craft belonging to representative New Yorkers, down on their way to the land of flowers. My tarpon lines are ready, my tackle waiting and the "shanty"—I always like to call my modest abode among the palmettos by a local



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

LEAVES FROM A DÉBUTANTE'S DIARY.—PAGE 3



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

name; it gives a bit of picturesque color to it—is in trim for a house party.

I am the happy possessor of a mile of sandy shore, and I am going to indulge in the old pastime of my youth—the exhilarating game of golf. Sutherland put up links on his place in Florida some years ago, and ever since I was a lad, left by my parents for a season at a Scottish school, I have cherished a deep affection for this sport of my boyhood. It is a royal game, and kings have played at it. It is, therefore, fitting that it should be a gentleman's pastime. I must confess I have even had a lurking desire to go in with the canny stonecutters in their annual tournament at curling on the ice ponds in Central Park. We Americans, who have adopted so many reprehensible foreign customs, should not hand over to the lower classes and to tradesmen good healthy sports which have been the delight of our British cousins for generations.

I take with me, besides an ordinary box, what is called, I believe, a "steamer" trunk, my dressing case, a hat box, a shirt box, a boot case, shawls, sticks and umbrella. My golf clubs I have had sent down direct to my "ranch" by express. I find the shirt box a necessity, with its compartment for each garment, as it keeps a certain number of shirts for evening wear in excellent condition, and fresh from the hands of a metropolitan laundress. One can easily obtain them in New York at any of the large shops, although several years ago it was necessary to purchase them in London, and the shops known as "Old England," which are so conspicuous in every continental city, make a "specialty" of them.

I also find my boot case very useful, and it gives one so much more room in the trunk proper, where you are not greeted by the sight of dark leather soles gleaming here and there among your trousers and intimate linen, like huge truffles in a Strasburg pie.

I do not own a "dress suit" case. I do not know what is meant by a "dress suit." I presume that is the vulgarly popular title for evening dress—and the case is used by young gentlemen who patronize suburban hops, and go directly from their employment to the same. I have always a suspicion that these same individuals borrow of their hosts many of the necessaries of the toilet.

These reflections lead me to the "dressing-case," which I consider an absolute necessity, and I cannot imagine any man being so careless as to undertake any journey, however short or limited, without it. I would as soon forget my trousers. I cannot understand how a man can travel with his tooth and other brushes packed in the side of a bag with his hose and pocket handkerchiefs. Even the humblest of these cases—with but one bottle for the brosse à dents—is a comfort. I make mention of this because I was a member of a party in a country house where I had to room with another man. He brought his tooth brush in triumph from the very bottom of his trunk. It was not even wrapped in paper, but it had left a pink stain on his hose, with which it had come in contact.

I blush to say he lived on the Avenue, as did his grandfather before him—and he was wont to boast of one progenitor who lived on the Battery, and another who made the passage across on that sainted vessel with the fragrant name of Mayflower. I suppose I should have been thankful that he used a tooth brush at all.

My hat box is really a repository for small parcels, and the reverses on the side and the false bottom have been very convenient for articles forgotten or obliged to be in a handy place.

My sticks and umbrellas I always take in my hand with my dressing case. My man follows with rugs and smaller pieces of luggage.

I always wear tweed for traveling, and colored shirts—something blue or pink—but not even on that (I may say) supreme occasion do I ever wear detachable collars or cuffs, although owing to the very dirty condition of our railways I am sometimes sorely tempted to do so. Yet I find that dark linen or percale will stay fresh a long time and that white is to be tabooed on American journeys by rail.

---

## THE DARLARNA

(By Edith Brower)

IN TWO PARTS

Part I

MR. Chesterfield Lord sat at breakfast reading his paper. He wore a dark blue velveteen morning jacket. Such a garment is wondrously becoming to a man whose eyes are just as soft as, and only a few shades lighter than, the velveteen, and whose complexion is fair, clear and delicately colored. Mr. Chesterfield Lord's moustache was long, silken and of silvery whiteness. What hair he had was similarly silvered. The place where the hair should have grown—and did not—was so ideally fine in outline that no one could regret the lack of covering. Chesterfield was fifty-three years of age, about one hundred in mind and attainments, and—though his wife had never dreamed it—not over twenty in heart.

Mrs. Chesterfield Lord, who had not quite reached her twenty-fourth year, regarded her husband as a combination of Emperor and Archangel. She thought him imperially handsome—and he was imperially clever—there she did not greatly err; and archangelically good. She believed everything he told her. For instance, she believed he had never loved any woman but herself.

This morning she wore a matinée of white cloth trimmed with beaver. The red blond of the fur exactly matched her hair.

"Are you ready for your coffee, dear?"

"Yes," he replied, looking over the paper to see that she prepared his cup properly.



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

Notwithstanding that Mrs. Lord had received sixteen pairs of silver tongs as wedding gifts, she very naturally preferred using her fingers for sugar. Four lumps went into this cup and each lump as it went in was kissed. Mr. Lord could not have swallowed his coffee unless the sugar had been thus rendered palatable. There is no excuse to offer for such excruciating silliness, except to say: "No fool like an old fool!" But it is my opinion that any man would be a fool who should object to taking sugar after Mrs. Lord's lips had kissed it.

As she passed the coffee across the table (the Lords always served themselves at this informal meal), she said: "Anything interesting in the paper?" not meaning: What is the state of affairs in France or Russia; her question had not the remotest reference to Briggsism, immigration, or the seal fisheries question; it simply meant "What is going on in this particular city among the people we know and care about?"

Now, Mr. Lord had not been married almost two years without learning what sort of things his wife liked to hear. He had married her for love, and had as yet seen no reason to change his mind. She always looked dainty and lovely, was never ill-tempered, never nervous, never jealous of his profound studies, but gave him unvarying devotion and admiration. Mr. Lord liked to be the object of unvarying devotion and admiration. Truly, it is a great comfort to be just as grand as you please every day, in your own house, and not to be suspected by anybody—your valet, for instance—of taking on airs. Mr. Chesterfield Lord was pleased to be extremely grand; he was also pleased to find himself a hero to his wife, and in his lordly way he loved to gratify her innocent wishes. So when she asked for news he did not wait to sip his coffee first, but ran his beautiful blue-velvet eyes up and down the page in search of an appropriate local tid-bit. "Here is something," said he, "'Charity begins at home, but should not end there. A Kirmess and Fair are to be given, the third week in February, in Queer Fellows' Hall, under the auspices of the —— Church, of this city. The proceeds of this entertainment will be devoted to putting steam-heat in the dwellings of our missionaries in Central Africa, and to furnishing fans and water-coolers to our struggling churches in Labrador. Any surplus over what is needed for the above purposes has been bespoken by the visitors of our County Poor House, and will he judiciously expended by them in providing that institution with Pigs in Clover, and other harmless games calculated to stimulate the intellects and beguile the leisure of the inmates. These noble objects——'"

"Chesterfield," exclaimed Mrs. Lord, "you are making up every word of that!"

"Well, and what then?" he calmly asked. Mr. Lord did not consider such joking incompatible with grandeur.

"You always make fun of what the church does," said Mrs. Lord, as reproachfully as she knew how.

"Once I didn't, my dear," he interrupted, "it was on the 30th of a certain April. I liked it mightily, what the church did on that day."

Mrs. Lord smiled divinely, leaned blushing over her wheatena and cream, then went on:

"I intended to speak to you about the kirmess. I would like—oh! Chesterfield, I want you—it's going to be so lovely—I want you to go with me."

"Certainly." Mr. Lord was stirring gently the syrup which he called coffee. "Of course we must go. The dances are doubtless charming."

"Yes, but——"

"But what, my dear little Lady Margaret?"

The Lady Margaret pretended to eat for a few moments, then suddenly jumped up and ran around the table to her husband, threw her arms about him and kissed him between the eyes. He knew some great request was coming when the "prayer spot" got kissed.

"Chesterfield, I've set my heart on this—I want to dance in the kirmess—with you!"

Mr. Lord laid down his paper. "Dearest, are you crazy?" he said, "can you picture me doing such a thing?" and indeed no one could. "I have not danced for a million years and more. Besides, it is young people they want."

"No; they want older ones—married people—for the minuet; stately, good-looking folks—like you and me!"

"But there will be no one in it whom we know."

"Oh, you are quite mistaken," she said eagerly; "there are to be the Hoppers and the Skippers and the Jumpers, and Mr. Hopper is almost as old as you are." There was unfeigned awe in her tones as she said this—(Mrs. Lord thought her husband very old indeed, though none the less dear and charming)—then, caressing his finely shaped nose: "with a powdered wig you would look just like George Washington."

"My child" (he always called her "child" when the matter of age was alluded to), "Mr. Hopper is a young man—not much over forty, I should think."

"Young!" the youthful Mrs. Lord laughed with a fresh, childish laugh, "a man of forty young! Not much difference between forty and fifty, I should think."

"When you are fifty, madame, you will hold another opinion. But let us not talk of going into this kirmess business. It does well enough for children or people of no standing, but I should consider it beneath my dignity."

Mr. Chesterfield Lord rarely alluded to his dignity by name; it was not necessary to do so; it was a quality as conspicuous as red hair or a white horse. Nobody ever forgot it for a moment while in his presence; even his wife when coddling him,



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

coddled with reverence. She began coddling him now, thereby choking off his sentences. She drew her pink finger several times slowly over his white poll and down the middle of his forehead to where his dark eyebrows nearly met. This had a deliciously mesmeric effect. Those dark eyebrows made him frightfully handsome and she told him so. Then she delicately lifted the ends of his long, drooping moustache, saying it was the loveliest moustache she had ever seen, and gazing in his face remarked that he looked like a shell cameo in a blue velvet case. At this point, thinking she perceived signs of the sweet poison beginning to work, she said: "Chesterfield, I wouldn't ask you to do anything beneath your dignity" (uttering the word with bated breath), "but promise me you will go to the first rehearsal next Monday evening, simply to look on."

"To see Thomas, Richard and Henry with their respective sweethearts, go clumping about?"

"But, dear, the Hoppers, Skippers and Jumpers are to be there—they are dignified people, aren't they?"

Mr. Lord felt forced to admit that they were; that pink finger was still marking softly its invisible line on his forehead.

"Will you, Chesterfield?"

"Will I what?"

"Elegant torment! Will you take me to see the rehearsal?"

"Yes, if you will pour out this cold coffee and give me a hot cup."

When she returned to her own place: "Chesterfield, it is so delightful to be a man's first love."

"Is it?"

"Yes, for then one wields such power," said little Lady Margaret.

Mrs. Lord began to think she had over-estimated her power when, on the next Monday evening her husband, who always dined in a suit, removed his coat after dinner and put on his favorite blue jacket. This signified an evening at home. Mr. Lord having lived a gay bachelor life for half a century, now thought an evening at home the highest good on earth. If he chanced to fall into a nap or two, it was all he asked of fate that, upon opening his eyes, he might see "pretty Peggy" sitting near. And if she yawned he was not displeased. She looked enchanting when she yawned.

Mrs. Lord, whose scant quarter of a century had not sufficed to give her all the fun she believed life contained, thought that an evening out—anywhere, no matter where—was far better than staying in and getting sleepy before legitimate bedtime. But she did not say this, for fear of hurting her husband's feelings.

Mr. Lord had evidently forgotten all about his promise. His wife had not said "kirmess" to him since that morning when the matter first came up. But she had asked the Hoppers to drop in casually on their way to rehearsal, knowing well that the least outside pressure added to home influence often works wonders.

When the Hoppers came she simply said: "Chesterfield, let us walk around to the hall with them and look on for a little while." Then did Mr. Lord—like the archangel that he was—put on his shoes, and throwing an ulster over his velveteen jacket, accompany his wife without a murmur for the relinquished joys of home.

The sides of the large hall were lined with spectators watching two dozen young people who, with the assistance of the director, were struggling through the mazes of a Venetian round. After them a band of would-be gypsies took the floor. It might, perhaps, be more correct to say they took to the floor, since a considerable portion of the dance was performed on the light fantastic hands and knees. And herein did feminine prodigality show in deplorable contrast with masculine thrift. The young women plumped down upon their best frocks with no more regard for appearances than if they had been babies, while the young men knelt gingerly, rising circumspectly and brushing with tender solicitude—and pocket handkerchiefs—the knees of their trousers. The girls, extravagant little sinners, laughed at their prudent companions, offering them their skirts to kneel upon. To a reflective onlooker this sad spectacle of wastefulness and frivolity suggests a possible answer to the question: Why do not young men marry?

Mrs. Lord and her friends were not deeply reflective onlookers, they enjoyed everything—especially the flirtations—and they thought it likely that the kirmess would be responsible for a good deal of marrying. If Mr. Lord reflected, his reflections were not made known, unless they may be divined from the remark: "My dear, any time that you wish to go, I am at your service."

But Mrs. Lord did not wish to go. She was waiting for the minuet; she believed its majestic movement would appeal to her husband, and she hugged her crafty little soul, thinking how easy it is to manage even elderly men, if you know the way.

There was one couple lacking to make up the set. The director, having seen the Lords enter with the Hoppers, was surprised when the former now kept their seats. Were they not going to dance? As Mr. Lord deigned no reply, Mrs. Lord said: "Oh, no!"

At least, would they not kindly fill the vacancy, to-night?

Mrs. Lord, glancing toward her husband, ventured:

"I suppose we might do that."

Mr. Lord, however, supposed nothing of the sort. He did not say, as a vulgar man in his place might have said, that he would sooner see himself among the non-elect than in that dance.

(To be Continued)



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

# VOGUE SUPPLEMENT

FEBRUARY 18, 1893

## SOCIETY

THe real season of 1893 is over, and although Easter comes so early this year that there will be a chance for many entertainments after Easter, before the rush countryward begins, the real gayety for the winter is over.

This first week of Lent is the dullest of the year. In deference to the edict of fashion, fi not of religion, Ash Wednesday is recognized as a day when entertaining is not in good form, and the hours of dullness are apt to be dull indeed, for the retrospect of gayety is not very enlivening.

The last Assembly, Thursday, February 10th, was not as brilliant as had been hoped and expected, but the Reception Committee did their best to make the affair a success.

Mrs. Mills's dance on Wednesday evening, and Mrs. J. Pierpont Morgan's dance, the same evening, had, perhaps, been too exhausting to allow of the quick recuperation necessary for an appearance at the Assembly, the next evening. Mrs. Morgan's dance was altogether for the younger set, very few of the young married people being present. Mrs. Mills's dance was preceded by a dinner for thirty-six guests, and was quite an impromptu affair, arranged principally in honor of Lady Sykes, who is a relation by marriage of Mrs. Mills' twin sister, Mrs. Cavendish-Bentinck. Lady Sykes and her husband have been extensively entertained since their arrival in this country. Sir Tatton Sykes is of the old hunting family of that name, so well-known to all lovers of sport.

At the dance which succeeded Mrs. Mills's dinner there were present about one hundred guests, among whom were, Governor Wetmore, Mrs. Wetmore, Mr. and Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, Mrs. Griswold Gray, Mr. and Mrs. Karrick Riggs, Mr. and Mrs. T. Newbold, Mrs. W. K. Vanderbilt, Dr. and Mrs. Webb, and Mr. and Mrs. W. D. Sloane. The cotillon was led by Mr. Tom Cushing, who danced with Mrs. Mills.

Friday evening the Nikisch Subscription Concert was given at Mrs. Anson Phelps Stokes'. The rooms were crowded and the entertainment was very successful, although there was to some a sadness that even the music could not overcome, in the thought of Mrs. Whitney, at whose house the concert was to have been held. Although many familiar faces were absent owing to Mrs. Whitney's death, their places were filled by others, for the tickets to these concerts are transferable and are always greatly in demand.

Saturday afternoon the Adamowski Quartet gave the third in the series of their subscription concerts at the residence of Mrs. Nicholas Fish, 53 Irving Place. Mrs. Fish is a very remarkable musician and enthusiastic on the subject, and the musicians themselves must have felt the subtle sympathy which exists among all true lovers of the art for they never played better.

The large audience listened with the most flattering silence and the applause was overwhelming. Among those present were Mrs. Adrian Iselin, Mrs. Cooper Hewitt, Mrs. James W. Gerard, Mrs. John Jacob Astor, Mrs. Arthur M. Dodge, Mrs. Gaspar Griswold and Mrs. H. B. Livingston.

Amateur theatricals took the town by storm last week. The Misses Lawrence with an excellent caste acted with their usual talent at Herrmann's Theatre on Friday, and secured a goodly sum for the charity for which they played.

At the Berkeley Lyceum, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, the Amateur Comedy Club played Sweet Lavender. Although somewhat an ambitious undertaking for amateurs it was well acted and the players had every reason to congratulate themselves and each other as warmly as they did on their successful performance.

Sunday evening Mrs. H. T. Sloane gave a large dinner, the de Kovens had a large Musicale and quite a number of people were present at the Vaudeville.

One of the hardest blows against the Vaudeville, which, by the way, seems well able to receive blows for it "comes up smiling every time," is that it is not a good thing to be seen there too often, for it implies a lack of other invitations. One man who had been going every night for a week under the happy delusion he was doing the correct thing, was plunged into the depths of social despair (than which there is nothing worse) at being told this sad truism.

Monday evening the last Patriarch's Ball was given at Delmonico's.

The decorations were much more lavish than usual and were most spring-like in effect, while many of the women wore smart new gowns. There were favors for one figure of the cotillon consisting of flowers. Mr. Franklin Bartlett led the cotillon with Miss Kip. It is not often that an unmarried girl is asked to lead, Miss Nannie Cameron who lead with Mr. Harry Cannon two winters ago, being the first to occupy that prominent position. Mrs. Clarence Cary, Mrs. Earl Dodge, Mrs. de Koven and Miss Minturn were among the women who looked extremely well and who received a great deal of attention.

Mrs. Richard Irvin's dinner on Monday evening before the Patriarchs' Ball was a sight worth seeing. Forty smart women all dressed in their very smartest gowns (for women do dress for women, let the world say what it will), and each and every one determined to be at her very best. Mrs. Richard Irvin as the hostess was, as she always is, most gracious and beautiful. The only regret New Yorkers have when they see Mrs. Irvin is that Baltimore has the honor of being her birthplace. New York would like to claim her for its own, as the representative New York woman. Possessed of wonderful magnetic charm, unexampled tact and great executive ability it is not strange that her name is sought for to head the list of patronesses for every entertainment and that to be counted among her friends is something for anyone to be proud of.

Monday evening was also chosen by Mrs. Oliver Harriman for a dinner and theatre-party. Paderewski, who occupied one of the proscenium boxes at Palmer's the same evening attracted no end of attention.

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

Mrs. R. T. Wilson gave a very beautiful dinner on Monday evening as did many others, their guests going afterward to the Patriarch's Ball.

Tuesday evening was the last meeting of the Howling Swells' Dancing Class and was preceded by many dinners. Mrs. Thomas Hitchcock, and Mrs. Fred. Kernochan being numbered among the entertainers. That the dance was a success goes without saying, and Lent was ushered in in a very jolly way.

Ash Wednesday had naught to chronicle, but church and shopping. The first spring shopping begins almost invariably on Ash Wednesday and the choice of the light and airy summer fabrics is a delight to the soul. This is the time of the year for any woman to deny herself any more winter clothes and she always does it with a noble resignation that is good to see.

Yesterday Dr. and Mrs. Seward Webb started with a large house-party in a private car for their country-place at Shelburne Farms, Vermont, where ten days are to be spent in full enjoyment of all winter sports. Sleighing, skating and tobogganing galore. Their house, which was modelled to a great extent after Warwick Castle, is built with every invention for comfort and luxury and one lucky guest insists that "better, ten days up at Shelburne, than a cycle of Cathay."

Three engagements were announced just before Lent and as they were eminently satisfactory to the world at large, as well as to the people most interested, the season must be voted a successful one. Miss Bertha Potter, the youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Howard Potter, and the sister of Mrs. J. Kennedy Tod, Mrs. Clarence Cary and Miss Grace Potter, has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Shaw Minturn, the only son of Mrs. Robert B. Minturn, and Miss May McClellan has announced her engagement to Mr. Paul Desprez, of the French Legation at Washington.

Mr. John Furman has sent out invitations for Saturday evenings in February at the Spencer House, Westchester, where he lives in the height of fashion and luxury.

The Country Club, at Westchester, is a delightful place. Many well known people have built there, and rumor says there are more lots for sale and that Mr. Furman would fain do what he could to rival and even eclipse Tuxedo. Mr. Furman's entertainments are always satisfactory affairs and these Saturday evenings will no doubt be very pleasant for those who are spending Sunday at or near the Club, but the trip is rather a long one for those who must return to the city the same evening.

## COMING EVENTS

Saturday, February 18th.
Badminton

Monday, February 20th.—Mrs. William H. Osgood, 10 West Twentieth Street. Reception.
Mrs. John C. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fiftieth Street. Reception.
Mrs. William H. Osgood, 10 West Twentieth Street. Mondays in February.
Mrs. Paul Thébaud, 119 West Thirty-fourth Street. Mondays in February.

Tuesday, February 21st.—Mrs. Willard P. Ward, Miss Ward, Miss Niles, 154 West Fifty-eighth Street. Reception.
Mrs. W. L. Bull, 413 Fifth Avenue. Tuesdays in February.
Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Fifty-sixth Street. Informal reception.
Mrs. Frederic Goodridge, Miss Goodridge, 250 Fifth Avenue. Reception.

Wednesday, February 22d, Washington's Birthday.—Mrs. N. Denton Smith, the Misses Smith, 17 West Seventeenth Street. Wednesdays in February.
Knickerbocker Bowling Club.

Thursday, February 23d.—Mrs. Richard P. Lounsberry, 12 East Thirty-fifth Street. Thursdays in February.
Mr. and Mrs. Frederic Reuben Howes, 66 West Tenth Street. Thursdays in February.
Thursday Evening Riding Club.

Friday, February 24th.—Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Amory, 111 West Fifty-seventh Street. Fridays in February.
Mrs. Reginald Francklyn, 64 Clinton Place. Fridays in February.
Mrs. Edward Oothout, 48 West Ninth Street. Fridays in February.

## SAILINGS AND ARRIVALS

Those who wish to advise their friends of intended departure are informed that statements for this department of Vogue should reach the office not later than Monday noon of the week of issue.

Sailed from New York, S. S. Servia, February 11, 1893.—Mr. F. Cox, Miss Barrett, Mr. T. V. Connor, Mr. George Myers, Mrs. M. A. Wilson.

Sailed from New York, S. S. La Bretagne, February 11, 1893.—Mrs. Elbridge Gerry, Miss Gerry, Miss M. E. Ward, Mr. W. R. Amory, Mrs. R. H. Boyd, M. H. T. Steele.

Sailed from New York, S.S. La Bourgogne.—Mr. William Francis Schroeder, Mrs. G. Schroeder, Miss Schroeder.

## RECEIVING DAYS

The purpose of this department is to provide a remedy for the non-receipt of cards through errors and accidental omissions in visiting lists, postal errors, etc.

### MONDAY

Mrs. Henry G. Marquand, 11 East Sixty-eighth Street.
Mrs. Harold Godwin, 814 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. Henry Galbraith Ward, 816 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. John C. Westervelt, Miss Westervelt, 7 West Fiftieth Street.
Mrs. Frances Schroeder, Miss Schroeder, 27 East Thirty-first Street.
Mrs. F. M. Barr, Mrs. A. Brevoort Bristol, 220 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. Charles Ingersoll, Hotel Marlborough.

### TUESDAYS

Mrs. Auguste Noël, Miss Noël, 109 Waverly Place.
Miss J. D. Ogden, 9 East Thirty-fifth Street.
Mrs. William C. Egleston, 19 West Fifty-sixth Street.
Mrs. George T. Adee, 13 West Forty-eighth Street.
Miss Leary, 90 Fifth Avenue.

### WEDNESDAYS

Mrs. William A. Perry, Miss Perry, 23 East Thirty-eighth Street.

### THURSDAYS

Mrs. Daniel F. Appleton, 28 East Thirty-sixth Street.
Mrs. Pierre Lorillard, 389 Fifth Avenue.
Mrs. James Abercrombie Burden, 908 Fifth Avenue.
Mrs. Barger, Miss Barger, 230 Madison Avenue.
Mrs. Elliot C. Cowdin, Miss Cowdin, 14 West Twenty-first Street.

### FRIDAYS

Mrs. Richard Hunt, 2 Washington Square, N.
Mrs. Robert Sturgis, 152 East Thirty-eighth Street.
Mrs. Cooper, 12 Washington Square, N.
Mrs. Alfred de Castro, 19 West Fiftieth Street.
Mrs. Charles A. Post, 21 Washington Square, N.



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

## LONDON

(From Our Own Correspondent)

PARLIAMENTARY WHIPS — "WHY CAN GLADSTONE NEVER BE BURIED AT WESTMINSTER?"—MRS. RONALDS'S PERIL—THE AMULET IN FASHIONABLE SOCIETY—LADY TATTON SYKES—LORD ABERDEEN'S APPOINTMENT TO THE GOVERNOR-GENERALSHIP OF CANADA.

WE are just now in full excitement over the approaching meeting of the new Parliament, for which the "whips" are out with an "urgent" underline, accompanied by a special notification that business of the "utmost necessity" will be at once brought forward. By the way, this same system of Parliamentary "whips" is quite a language of its own. To the casual observer it is simply a printed form sent to each member, whenever any special question is up for debate, requesting his presence in the House at that time. But to the initiated the innocent seeming missive conveys a world of meaning, according to the underlining of the message. Thus, a "one line whip," i. e., only one line scored beneath the printed words, means nothing very pressing, and generally finds its way into the waste-paper basket without further notice. A "two line whip"—two lines beneath—receives immediate attention; this means business not to be shirked. While a "three line whip"—three scored lines beneath—is never disregarded. It represents affairs urgent, and no member dare, as he values his seat, treat it with contempt. The Queen will not open Parliament in person on Tuesday next—that is an honor she bestows but rarely—and there is but little love lost between Her Majesty and the present Administration, or—its Radical leader. She does not share H. R. H.'s admiration for the octogenarian Premier, and it is a known fact that the G. O. M. and Mrs. Gladstone are royal guests only when political or official necessities require them to be. Perhaps, who knows, our august sovereign has heard and rejoices in the naughty little Tory riddle anent the great cutter of wood: "Why can Gladstone never be buried in Westminster Abbey?" "Because he lies forever in an adjacent building!"

Upon the opening of the House every one is building up their social hopes—I fear forlorn ones—for a duller, flatter, more unprofitable midwinter season has never been known; it even rivals that of last year when we were all in outward woe, at least, for poor Prince Eddy. Weddings and weddings only are the sole social functions,—and oh, how wearisome to the spirit are these so-called festivities,—varied by occasional spasmodic amateur theatricals, gotten up for a popular charity, and as unsatisfactory and flavorless as Christmas plum-pudding minus the burnt brandy sauce. There are, however, exceptions to every rule, and last evening proved the one in this direction, when a most charming and really clever representation of Robertson's School was given under Major Philip and Mrs. Daebiac's direction, at St. George's Hall, Portman Square, in which the young Major and his younger wife sustained the principal rôles. Mrs. Daebiac is pretty, fresh and blonde, and possesses decided dramatic talent. She is, moreover, the daughter of the new Unionist Member for Nottingham, Col. Charles Seely, who is one of the richest colliery owners in England, and the brother-in-law of Mr. Frank Evans, the Liberal Member for Southampton, who married Mrs. Irving Van Wart, Jr., of New York. The affair went off brilliantly, but what a train of old memories it set afloat. Old days at "Wallack's," when poor Montague—beloved of women and men—played Lord Beaufry to Ada Dyas's Bella, and Lester Wallack created the incomparable Beau Farintosh! How time flies to be sure!

Quite the most exciting society event of the week is Mrs. Ronalds's marvelous escape from being burnt to death in her bed. All smart Londoners know well the pretty house in Cadogan Place, with its drawing room in white and gold, its sixteenth century decorations, its lovely flowers and numberless souvenir bibelots; while Americans, resident or transient, have even better reason to appreciate its hospitality. Mrs. Ronalds, notwithstanding her long residence in England, and the enviable social position she holds, never forgets her American friends. Her house and her influence are always open to them, and this is saying a great deal, for I could quote much grander Anglo-American houses where to call oneself "American," is to write oneself down as hopelessly impossible. But to return to our mutton: The facts briefly are as follows.

On Friday morning last, Mrs. Ronalds, while reading her letters, discovered that the whole of her bed hangings were in flames, which had already caught the wall-paper and the bed valance. With wonderful presence of mind she sprang up instantly, on to the bed, and with almost superhuman effort dragged down the heavy curtains and bed furniture, calling for help meantime. When the servants reached the room all they could see was a mass of flames and smoke, from which came Mrs. Ronalds's voice calmly directing them what to do.

Between them all they managed to get the burning draperies on to the floor, but not until all the bedding was destroyed, the wall-paper hanging in threads, a corner of the ceiling scorched, the night table and everything on it ruined, as well as various other and smaller articles of furniture and valuable nick-nacks.

The wreck of the pretty bed and dressing-room is complete, though, luckily, the loss is covered by insurance; but the cause of the fire remains a mystery. The electric light company are unable to give a satisfactory explanation, nor can the insurance people, though both are unanimous in their praise of Mrs. Ronalds's coolness of judgment and prompt action; failing which, in another five minutes the whole house would have been in flames. Cadogan Place is made up of a row of moderate-sized houses, built early in the "thirties,"—perfect tinder boxes, of old, well-seasoned wood,—had No. 7 gone, the rest must inevitably have followed suit, at least, as far as Chelsea House, Lord Cadogan's town residence, which, being of a later and more substantial date, would probably have withstood the onslaught. Everyone is rejoiced at Mrs. Ronalds's happy escape, while sympathizing with her in her fright and loss.

Certainly we are not gay in London, just now, but they seem to be very lively at Cairo, judging from a private letter written by the great granddaughter of Lord Byron, who is passing the winter in Egypt with her parents, Mr. Wilfrid and Lady Ann Blunt. A twelfth-night ball at the Residency given by Lord and Lady Cromer is thus described:—"We had a most charming cotillon, towards the end of which there appeared two cars filled with white flowers, drawn by four blue Danish hounds; and one of the most amusing sights was that of the superhuman efforts made by certain gentlemen to play on the flutes provided for them. One of the comic figures consisted of a lady choosing a gentleman to dance with, and three others to whom she gave respectively an umbrella of the most disreputable exterior, a hand-bell, which made more noise than any hand-bell I ever heard, and a house-maid's broom. No. 1 had to dance after the couple, holding the umbrella open over their heads; No. 2 rang the bell in the lady's ear, a part which he performed with much spirit; while No. 3's business seemed to be trying to trip them all up with his housemaid's broom!"

How strange it seems to read this girlish letter, so full of youthful freshness, and to recall, meanwhile, that it comes from the pen of Lord Byron's great granddaughter! Byron's only child,—the "Ada" of his muse—married in 1839 the Earl of Lovelace, who is still living at the advanced age of eighty-eight. The only issue of that union was Lady Ann King-Noel, who in 1869 married Wilfrid



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

Blunt, Esq., of Crabet Park, Sussex, the ardent Home Ruler, who, five years ago served his time in Kilmainham jail as a political seditionist. Miss Judith Blunt, the writer of the letter, is their only child.

Do you know the latest amulet without which no woman of "the inner inset" ever appears? It is a tiny four-sided gold bell, hung upon the slightest of gold chains, and worn either about the throat, or on the wrist. The Queen of Italy has set this latest fad, and the little tintabulum is in consequence christened after her—the "Campenello Margheritta." It is a copy of a very old amulet which was found during the excavations of Mount Esquiliu, at Rome, and bears upon its side this motto in Greek. "I (little bell) was made against fascinations." It is supposed to be a sure protection against the evil eye, in which all Italians so thoroughly believe. But not Italians only, for unless one can show a "golden Margheritta Campenello" dangling conspicuously from some part of one's person, one is not in the swim of the latest caprice.

English royalties are not, as a rule, royal in their gifts to faithful friends. They receive all things gracefully, but they dispense less generously. All the more gracious therefore, and all the more appreciated, was a New Year's souvenir sent by the Duchess of Teck to an American lady, Mrs. Morgan Richards. It is a brooch in the shape of a large pansy, most perfectly carried out in enamel, surrounded by good sized brilliants. The letter which accompanied the gift expressed the affectionate regard of the giver in no measured terms. Mrs. Richards, by the way, is being honored just now in more ways than one. She has written a very striking little poem, called "a Poet's Vision," which though composed before Tennyson's death has a singular prophecy of that event running throughout its lines. Mlle. Janottia an intimate friend of the Tennysons has set it to music, and Mme. Antoinette Sterling and Mme. Albani have promised to make its success complete. All proceeds from its sale are to be devoted to the Golden Boys' Home, in which the Princess of Wales takes so keen an interest.

The most gorgeous woman at "church parade" in Hyde Park this winter has been Lady Tatton Sykes, wrapped in sables from head to heel. No one is smarter in the smart set than Lady Tatton Sykes, nor a greater favorite at Marlborough House, notwithstanding her championship of the Arthur Wilsons during the Gordon-Cumming baccarat scandal. Sir Tatton has always been an intimate of the Prince of Wales, and probably knows more of that exalted personage's "affairs"—Lord Charles Beresford excepted—than any one. Sir Tatton and Lady Sykes are now in New York, where they are sure to meet with a most cordial welcome, if for no other reason than on account of Lady Sykes's connection with the Maturin Livingstons; Lady Sykes being a Cavendish-Bentinck, and Miss Elizabeth Livingstone having married her brother, the Hon. William George Cavendish-Bentinck.

The appointment of Lord Aberdeen to the Governor-Generalship of Canada is a most happy one, and certain to prove satisfactory to all concerned. Lady Aberdeen is one of the most popular of the Liberal ladies. She is young, very pretty, and very enthusiastic. Slight in figure with a rather pale but speaking face, dark hair and eyes. She is a religious devotee on strictly Calvinistic principles, and an ardent Home Ruler. Mr. Gladstone has no firmer friend than Lord Aberdeen, whose father played the same rôle of Damion to the Premier's father—nor no stauncher advocate than the pretty countess. Lady Aberdeen is moreover the editor of two magazines. "Onward and Upward" is the last she has brought out, the initial number of which appeared at Christmas-tide, with a frontispiece of her two little boys, Lord Haddo, and the Hon. Jan. Archibald Hamilton Gordon, taken from the life size portrait which is to be exhibited at the Chicago World's Fair. Lady Aberdeen's only daughter, Lady Marjorie Gordon, though only thirteen years of age, is also a literary personage. She edits a child's magazine which sells as a ha' penny weekly.

The Prince of Wales is the most inveterate of smokers, and so particular is he that he always carries about with him a small but most perfect "smoker's companion" made of gold. In it there is room for three kinds of cigars, a dozen cigarettes, an ounce or two of cut tobacco, a tiny briar wood pipe, and a box of wax matches. Like all devotees to the fragrant weed, H. R. H. can only use his own particular brand.

The Duchess of Marlborough is back again in town, and has opened her house in Carlton House Terrace. Brighton proved even more wearisome than London. She is looking wonderfully handsome in her deep mourning, though she has grown very much stouter. The world—that is the social London world—are waiting for her next move, and watching with ill-concealed curiosity, ready to cavil at and discuss whatever attitude royalty decides to adopt towards her!

The most magnificent wedding gifts of this season, or, in fact, of any season during the last decade, were those given by Sir James Miller to Miss Curzon. As a bridegroom Sir James has broken the record, for what could be more lovely than his magnificent tiara of diamonds and turquoises, the superb pearl and diamond comb, the gold mounted drawing bag, and luxury on luxury, the gorgeous cloak lined throughout with exquisite ermine skins, and bordered with sables, worth their weight, literally, in gold. Truly, Miss Curzon is a bride to be envied. Diane.

London, January 25, 1893.

## VANITY FAIR

THe æsthetic taste for faded draperies and dying colors seems to be passing away, and woman's dress nowadays has attained a splendor which is well nigh barbaric. Embroidered satins, shot velvets, jeweled fabrics, gems in profusion and magnificent brocades, all help to make a woman's toilette so full of richness and color that, while acknowledging its charm, one is sometimes tempted to wish for the return to more simple ornamentation and quieter colors. Two ladies standing near each other at a recent ball in Paris formed a marked contrast to each other, illustrative of our point. The first wore a gown of splendid brocade of sunset hues in pink, apricot and orange, with a superb tiara stomacher, and necklace of diamonds. She was a handsome woman and very regal looking. The second, a tall woman with dark hair, was dressed in a gown of the palest blue satin with a narrow pearl embroidery up each seam of the skirt. From the back of the low-necked bodice sprang a watteau of pale blue and white brocade ending in a train lined with white satin. The puffed sleeves of pale blue satin were nearly covered by the bertha of priceless old lace. She wore a string of pearls around her throat and some pearls were wound in the coils of dark hair.

One of the prettiest entertainments last week was a breakfast given to fourteen guests by a society woman noted for her good taste and personal fascination. It was a bitterly cold day, the dining-room fire-place held large logs which blazed and crackled in a cheery way, and the table was a dream of beauty sparkling with glass and silver and giving out the loveliest effects of form and color. The cloth was a silky material resembling white satin, and embroidered in silver with an all-over design of fleur-de-lys of a goodly size. It was trimmed around the edge with a border of guipure lace



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

twelve inches wide. An oval plateau in the centre covered with pale violet velvet held a dark blue porcelain jardinière filled with pink carnations in such quantities as to make masses of pink color. On each lady's plate lay a bunch of violets the stems gracefully wrapped in a handkerchief of lilac chiffon embroidered around the edges. A silver pin was pass through each so as to enable the recipients to fasten it to the corsage or in the girdle. The men found boutonnières of white carnations with a violet in the centre of each upon their plates. The table was lighted by cut glass globes made into lamps and set in heavily carved silver candlesticks. The light was softened by shades made of lilac silk which was covered with violets. Some electric lights in the room were softened by little bag-like coverings of lilac silk tied around with ribbons. The glass upon the table was of Venetian make, enriched with lovely designs in colored enamels. At each place a little frame made of crinkled lilac crepe was set up with the name of the guest inscribed in the centre. Later on it would serve for a medallion portrait. The china was white with a pattern of violets strewn over it, and there were various compotiers and dishes for salted almonds of beautiful old pierced silver. The sorbet was served in tall pink lilies made of spun sugar which glittered like frost. The ices were in little lilac satin boxes, with tiny bunches of natural violets on the top. The hostess wore a charming morning costume of lilac silk and crepe, and had a bunch of violets in her belt. The menu was pronounced perfect in every respect, wit and good humor reigned for the hour and later there was some good music in the drawing-room. What more could have been added for her guests' enjoyment?

An opera cloak, recently sent from Paris, may be called a "creation," without doubt. It is made of zebeline cloth, of a tea rose color, lined with apple green satin. The cape, ending in a shallow hood behind, is of emerald green velvet embroidered with gold and green silks. The cloak, which is quite long, is trimmed down the fronts and around the bottom with black fur.

The latest novelty is the umbrella covered with shot silk to match any gown, and these are finished with handles either jeweled or in Dresden china of the color of the covering. A dark ruby silk umbrella has a knob on the end of the natural cherry stick, of dark ruby colored enamel, with Rhine stones sunk in the surface. A blue shot silk umbrella has a lapis lazuli handle set in gold bands. Dark gray umbrellas have handles of clouded gray and white onyx. There is no end to the various combinations; in fact, the umbrella of to-day is really a pretty addition to the out-of-door toilette.

Amid the mass of ill-considered forms and crude colors which often appear in modern furniture it is pleasant to note the study of fine old models which one occasionally sees in the houses of people of taste. An example of this is a bedroom in a charming residence in this city. It is in Louis Seize style, and the details are well carried out. The walls are covered with an Adams tapestry of the palest pink, showing a design of vases holding garlands of flowers, which are gracefully carried from panel to panel by means of flowing ribbons. This design, woven in the fabric, is of cream white. The wood-work in the room is gray, accentuated with touches of gold. The characteristics of the furniture, apart from the severe simplicity of its style, are the incised surfaces, the small rosettes in the corners, and where any carving is seen it is of a small medallion surrounded by a floral design, carved with great delicacy. The upholstery is of gray tapestry brocaded with pale pink and white roses; the frames are painted gray with lines of gold, to match the wood-work of the room. The bedstead has a carved panel at the back and a canopy, the curtains of which are of the same material as the upholstery of the chairs and sofas. The window curtains are of gray brocade lined with pale pink. A writing desk and some small tables in the room are ornamented with rail work of gilded metal. The floor is painted gray and highly polished. In the centre there is a large Aubusson rug with a border of pink and white roses surrounding a plain gray medallion.

## DESCRIPTION OF PLATES

A Charming gown of white ribbed silk, known as "peau de soie" (Frontispiece) is made with a very wide skirt slightly en traine, which is corded inside the hem at the bottom to make it stand out. The simple corsage cut low is bordered with narrow embroidery of pearls and crystal beads. The leg-o'-mutton sleeves are finished at the wrists with a similar trimming. The hair is drawn up at the back in a loose knot in which is placed a silver aigrette sparkling with diamonds. The fan is of white feathers with pearl sticks.

The somewhat elderly man wears an evening dress of fine black diagonal cloth, with black waistcoat, collar turned down at the corners and white lawn tie.

In the Two Appreciations joke (page 146), the girl wears a gown of mouse gray satin open in V shape over a vest of white guipure lace. Revers and cuffs of ruby velvet. The skirt opens in front over a panel of guipure and is edged on each side by a cording of maroon velvet. Her companion wears gray trousers, a frock coat, white shirt and collar with pale blue bengaline scarf—boutonnière of white carnations.

A walking dress of cloth the color of a wood violet is shown in Smithsonian joke (page 146). The skirt is open at the sides to show panels of velvet in a deeper shade—on each of the openings the cloth is embroidered on the edges in silks the color of the velvet. Two rows of sable fur border the edge of the skirt, and the cuffs and girdle are of velvet to match the panels. The double cape is of the same material edged with sable. The muff is of violet velvet lined with silk of a lighter shade. It is trimmed with white lace and finished by a bow of violet satin ribbon on top. The little toque of violet velvet is edged with sable and trimmed with feathers.

On page 149 will be found a skirt and jacket of petunia cloth. The skirt has no train, but is very full with most of the fulness in the back. It is bordered around the bottom with velvet of a darker shade. The jacket opens over a vest of petunia silk and is made with a fichu ruffle and leg-o'-mutton sleeves of the same silk. The girdle, collar, cuffs and edge of ruffle are of the dark shade of velvet. There is a twisted band of narrow velvet around the head, ending in a little "rabbit's ears" bow in front. The lace ruffled petticoat shows below the skirt in front.

The standing figure (page 149) wears a gown of pink silk covered with pleatings of soft pink silk muslin with here and there insertions of fine white appliqué lace. Upon the bottom of the skirt is a flounce of appliqué lace with three rows of narrow black velvet above. The skirt is slightly raised to show the under petticoat of black velvet. The low bodice of pink silk is covered with the silk muslin and has a girdle of appliqué lace. Just below is a narrow belt of black velvet clasped by a buckle of garnets. The sleeves of pink silk are puffed and have each a double ruffle of pink silk muslin and appliqué lace, with a band of black velvet just above the ruffles. Bretelles of black velvet pass over the shoulders, and there are little butterfly bows on the top of the pink silk muslin. A drapery of the same finishes the top of the bodice and is caught up in the centre by a garnet buckle.

The figure in the arm chair has a ball gown of pale gold brocade with low bodice. The sleeves are far below the shoulders as the fashion was in 1850 and thereabouts, leaving the shoulders quite bare except for a narrow band of jeweled passementerie which crosses them. A wider band of the same edges the bodice and top of the puffed sleeves. Strings of gems are fastened to the front of the corsage and are met in the centre by a jeweled butterfly. A collar of the same



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

gems encircles the throat, and there is also a pearl necklace with diamond pendant.

The third figure is attired in a gown of the palest green peau de soie with long train. The corsage, of the same, is bordered by a garland of daffodils with shiny, dark green leaves. The same flowers form a girdle which encircles the waist. There are no sleeves, but just above the long gloves in the upper arm is a wreath of the same flowers mingled with long grasses. A collar of emeralds and pearls is clasped about the throat, and there is a cluster of daffodils in the dark wavy hair.

This beautiful equipage (pages 150, 151) is one of the best appointed in New York. The calèche, made by a noted firm of carriage builders, has a black body with occasional lines of yellow. The wheels are black with yellow stripes. The horses, a perfectly matched pair of dark bays, are of unusual size standing 17-1 hands high. They were bred in Vermont, and in 1891 won the second prize at the horse show. The harness is of London make and perfect in every detail. The ornamentation is of brass. The men in the box wear a livery consisting of coats of black cloth with black velvet collars and brass buttons. The upper false waists and vests are of yellow cloth, top boots and white buckskin breeches.

The pretty young girl in the covert cart (page 153) wears a skirt and jacket of wood-brown cloth. The jacket opens over a waistcoat of suède, showing a little embroidery in browns and gold. She wears a brown felt hat with velvet crown, and dog-skin gloves. The cart has a light body and red wheels.

## A KNOWING NOOK

Feminine humanity doats upon having something no one else has, or knowing something no one else knows about. To be able to say to one's intimate enemy: "My dear, I have found the most fascinating place to get bonnets, or stockings, or what not. No one knows of it, and the things are never duplicated." (Of course not.)

The revealing of the secret depends upon the degree of intimacy or enmity.

Such a choice little spot is the studio of K. J. Collins, a quaint nook on the attic floor of a large building in Twenty-third Street, where everything, beginning with the old brass knocker on the short-waisted door, bespeaks oddity and originality. When the visitor has sounded a postman's rap or a duchess's rat-tat-tat on this knocker, the door is opened, and a low studded room, with sloping walls covered in burlaps, which has received a coat of old rose paint, is entered. The musical clang of a door-harp follows the closing of the door; a window seat heaped with cushions of all sorts of fanciful colors and shapes invites one to rest. This is under a dormer window, whose square upper panes have been filled in with ruddy brown panes, while the lower sash is covered with short pongee curtains.

A cabinet containing some choice bits of porcelain and miniatures, and a tall lamp in a stunning shade complete the furnishings of the anteroom. Curtains divide this from the next room, a sky-lighted one, the apparent proportions of which have been increased by the dexterous insertion of a mirror. A habitable look is developed by the dexterous arrangement of a curtained and cushioned divan, some screens and chairs, a tempting pile of noble cushions and a table with a banquet lamp in a jewel-embroidered shade. Neither in this nor in the third room of the tiny apartment is there the least "shoppy" suggestion, for the wares themselves are of such a nature as to lend themselves readily to the decorative idea, and to please merely by displaying themselves.

This is the laboratory whence emerge all the cleverest and most novel of the devices which serve to amuse at the swagger functions of the most exclusive of the smart set. Hence come the daintiest german favors, the most attractive dinner souvenirs, besides dainty conceits innumerable, for the adornment of beautiful rooms. Here are concocted such original table decorations as those for a recent "gypsy dinner," where a plateau of green moss formed the centre of the long table, with a gypsy kettle full of red carnations swung over a cleverly devised fire. The candle shades were little red tents, the ladies' favors gypsy kettles full of carnations hung on tripods of a bow and arrow and spear; those for the men little red tepees, with a "fortune" just peeping out of the looped back corner.

As to german favors, they are here to choose from in the greatest variety, from the monocles and lorgnettes which were so popular at the Yale dance; the foils containing a fan; the ribbon chatelaines with jingling bells, and tall Directoire canes topped by a figure of Folly, or a colored lantern—to more substantial gifts, in the shape of canes which conceal a riding whip, for the men; or beautifully finished bags in all sorts of lovely silks, with substantial clasps. Two of the prettiest of the more trivial ideas were a pastoral looking child's music box covered with green rushes, and miniature stirrups complete with buckle, slide and all, on ribbon straps, and distributed from a gaily decked coach whip.

In more lasting ornaments are shown photograph frames in a silky stuff of exquisite pale shades, on which are applied garlands and scrolls of good design in gold. This is a special importation, as is also the "musical oyster," which yawns forth such charming tones.

But, on the whole, the truly "knowing" thing to do is to go to Collins, and set the clever brains and fingers there to work for one's special behoof, with the certainty of getting what no one else has had.

## SOME THINGS SHE TALKS ABOUT

BACHELORS' TEAS—WOMEN AT THE PLAY WITHOUT ESCORTS—TIME WASTED AFTER INFORMAL LUNCHING.

While there is justice in the recent complaints regarding the eel-like elusiveness of the dancing man, and his tendency to escape after having eaten and drank (at a recent dinner-dance, out of twenty men at table only seven appeared at the dance), yet the bachelors seem to have awakened to a sense of their social obligations and to have determined to pay "in kind" through the medium of teas or musicales. Many men have very beautiful apartments; one need not be in the artistic set to have artistic tastes—and not only are the women pleased with the privilege of inspecting these modestly named "dens" but the men are glad of the opportunity to show that they too possess a share of the taste, tact and dexterity which are requisite for a successful host or hostess.

The artists began it, of course, but the men of fashion have not been slow to follow having, of course, immeasurably the advantage in the choice of a hostess pro tem.

It is a charming position, that of "receiving" for a perfectly unexceptionable bachelor, a relative more or less near, bien entendu, for men as well as women flock to these functions. There is about them a something of adventurousness, of unconventionality, of freedom, which gives them an unaccustomed zest.

Sometimes, the bachelor feels confidence enough in himself to preside alone. Sometimes—but very rarely—the soft-hearted creature makes the mistake of asking a dame to preside who, though handsome, rich, well dressed, au fait and as much above suspicion as Cæsar's wife, yet belongs to that category which some one has not inaptly called the "progressive swells"—people who are not quite "in it," although getting on, à leur avis, swimmingly.

Unfortunately the consequences seldom recoil on the man. He, after all, has probably done it out of sheer good nature, with a view of "giving the little woman a push." It is the unlucky woman who is thereby thrown back several steps in her laborious progress towards the charmed precincts of the smart set.



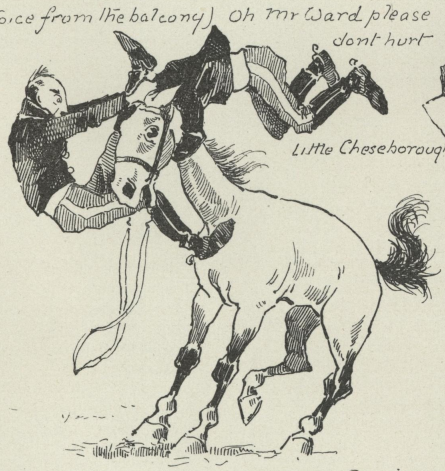
Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

# TROOP A. SPORTS

Max's Diary

Some few observations from an outsider.

(Voice from the balcony) Oh Mr Ward please dont hurt



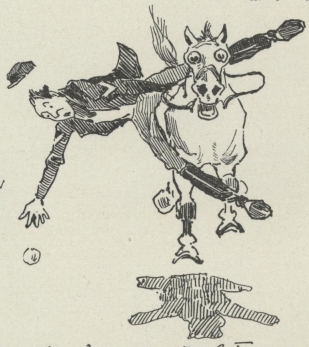
Little Chesborough.

But ilo the man and the fit

Its not the uniform that makes the Soldier

The thing he picked up

How you Know a Trooper.



Just look at me pick things up from the tan bark

H. McVickar



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

Since Mrs. Burke-Roche and some of the Vanderbilts feminine, have been seen unattended by dress-coats at the play, the question of the propriety of going without male escort would seem to be no longer a mooted one. Men are so elusive, so difficult to secure for a quiet evening at the theatre. They so much prefer the Vaudeville or the Music Halls, they must be so bribed by good dinners, and suppers, that women of good sense no longer bother to take them; and as they were, after all, purely ornamental, there is no reason why it should not be so. An energetic matron with a capable footman can easily marshal a bevy of girls, or two friends can go to see Duse with perfect comfort and propriety, having dined briefly and sociably beforehand.

Apropos of sociability, how much more of the old-time friendly sociability there would be among women friends, especially about luncheon time, if the guests were more considerate about going away. One often hears it said, "Oh, I would run in to luncheon socially but it takes up the time so," or "I love to see my friends at lunch time, only they keep me in so long after."

No one would think of staying more than twenty minutes after a luncheon to which invitations had been sent out. Why then should one linger, knowing how full are the lives of the women of to-day, simply for want of moral courage to get up and go, when one's own time is bespoken every moment.

## FLORAL FADS FOR LENT

NAture having kindly bestirred herself to provide appropriate blossoms for the (conventional) Lent, the fashionable woman is now enabled to do penance in the correct shade of purple, whether it be in the shape of a bunch of violets for her corsage, or the decorations of a frugal Lenten meal. Small, the Washington florist, has recently opened an attractive place here. One enters a cheerful little conservatory and makes choice of cut flowers from an immense glass room, instead of the usual counter with drawers and boxes. He shows some pretty boat-shaped baskets with tall handles, wreathed about with ribbon. When one of these is filled with purple flowers and tied with a paler shade it looks very properly penitential.

That purple is the color of the moment is shown by the display in all florists' windows. Hyacinths in all shades, from a noble royal purple to the palest pinky mauve; French lilacs in the daintiest tone of that color; masses of unusually handsome heliotrope, not to speak of the superb violets and the violet-colored, ever popular orchids. With these are seen lilies-of-the-valley, the giant mignonnette, and a fine display of the different white flowers; so that a Lenten luncheon may very easily be decked out in a style suitably subdued, yet fragrant and beautiful.

Such a color composition was carried out recently at a "Bishop's dinner," given to a distinguished ecclesiastic, at which the Episcopal color alone was used with unexpectedly charming effect. The service was gold and white, and a superbly embossed gold tray in the centre of the table held a low oval bowl filled with a mass of the deepest purple hyacinths, set stiffly together and edged with a drooping lace work of maiden-hair ferns.

The golden candelabra at the four corners wore shades of crinkly violet crêpe; at each place was a bunch of superb violets (Mrs. L.'s best) tied in a broad purple ribbon, fringed with gold, the ends hanging nearly to the edge of the cloth.

This cloth, by the way, was quite a feature. It had an insertion of antique lace in a bold pattern, which revealed the undercloth of purple satin. The glass was the richly decorated gold and white now so much in fashion, and the whole effect, instead of being somber, was brilliant in the extreme. Candied violets, stuffed egg-plant and fresh violets frozen into the orange ices carried the color scheme even into the menu.

## AN ARTLESS DÉBUTANTE

I'M glad that I am tall, and richly tinted,
Pallor, indeed, is now quite out of date.
Nor would I of my altitude be stinted
E'en half an inch. The contrast is so great
And so piquant, between my height as hinted,
And my young face, with innocence elate.
For I'm a bud—an artless débutante,
Docile enough to please a maiden aunt.

Yet e'en so innocent, my plans astute or
Subtle are. I'll win success prodigious.
Nor do I need the hints of any tutor
Blandly wise. So tall, and not ambitious?
I have no gold to charm a titled suitor,
Therefore must love where fate felicitous
Doth promise gold. For I'm a débutante,
Who fain would chaperon her maiden aunt.

C. H. Thayer.

## PUBLISHER'S NOTICES

VOGUE is issued weekly on Saturdays.

Head Office, 61 Union Place, Southwest Corner of 18th Street and Fourth Avenue, New York. Cable address: "Vogue, New York."

London. Arthur Ackerman, 191 Regent Street.

Paris. Em. Terquem, 19 Rue Scribe.

Subscription for the United States, Canada and Mexico, Four dollars a year in advance, postage free. For foreign countries in the postal union, five dollars a year, postage free. Remit by check, draft or postal or express money order. Other remittances at sender's risk. Single copies ten cents.

Advertising orders should reach the office not later than 10 A. M. Friday preceding the week of publication. When special position is required the order should be a week earlier.

COTILLON AND DINNER DECORATIONS,
CHIC NOVELTIES
K. J. COLLINS,
Designing Rooms, 28 and 30 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

THE CHILDREN'S DRESSMAKING
CO. 10 EAST 15th ST., (Profit Sharing)
Fine Hand Made Infants' Clothing.
Coats & Dresses for Children and Young Girls.

THE NAIAD.
A GHOST STORY translated from the FRENCH of GEORGES SAND by
KATHARINE BERRY DI ZEREGA.
"The translation is poetically done. The tale is light, but with a certain fresh charm, quite different from Georges Sand's maturer works. Mrs. di Zerega has caught the indefinable quality."—Edmund Clarence Stedman.
12mo, cloth, illustrated, $1.25.
For sale at all bookstores, or sent, post paid, on receipt of price.
WILLIAM R. JENKINS,
*Publisher and Bookseller*,
851 and 853 Sixth Ave., n. w. cor. 48th St.



Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

HILTON, HUGHES & CO.

SUCCESSORS TO A. T. STEWART & CO.

EXQUISITE PARIS HATS AND BONNETS ARRIVING BY EVERY STEAMER

STYLISH STREET, CARRIAGE AND DINNER GOWNS

NOVELTIES IN ADVANCE IMPORTATIONS. SPRING SILKS

BROADWAY, 4th AVENUE, 9th AND 10th STREETS




Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast

HATS — TOQUES — BONNETS

STREET, CARRIAGE AND RECEPTION

DRESSES

RIDING HABITS — TAILOR GOWNS

IMPORTERS OF THE FASSO CORSET

B. ALTMAN & CO.

18TH—19TH STREETS—SIXTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

THE GILLISS PRESS, NEW YORK

Copyright © 2011 Condé Nast